THE MERRIE HISTORIE, OF THE THRIE FRIERS OF BER-WICKE.

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UMI

THE THREE FRIERS OF *BERWICKE.*

AS it befell, and happened in deede,
Upon a River, which is called Tweede:
At Twœdes faire Mouth, there ſtandes a Noble Towne,
Where manie Lordes have beene, of great Renowne:
And manie a worthie Ladie, fayre of Face:
And manie a freſh luſtie Gallant was:
Into this Towne, which called is Berwicke,
Upon the Sea there ſtandeth none it like.
For it well Walled is about with Stone:
And double Stankes are caſten, manie one.
And then the Caſtle is ſo ſtrong, and wight:
With ſtatelie Towers, and Turrets on the hight.
The Bar-Walles cloſed craftilie: with-all,
The Port-C[illegible] moſt ſubtillie to fall,

[illegible] that they please to draw them up on right:
[illegible] that no Folkes by anie kinde of Night
Could winne the same, by Craft, or Subtiltie.
[illegible] there-within is fayre Artillerie.
In all my dayes, where ever I have beene,
Soe faire, soe gaylie, and soe well beseene:
The Towne, the Water, the Castell, and the Land:
The Valleyes greene, upon the other hand.
The great Crosse Kirke, and eake the Maison Dew:
The Jacobines, they Friers are of whyte hew.
The Carmelites, and the Minonries eke:
The foure Orders of Friers were not to seke.
¶ These Friers were in Berwicks Town once dwelling,
Where-as it hapned in a fayre May Morning,
That two of the Jacobine Milke-whyte Friers,
As they were wont, and used manie yeares,
To walke amongst their Brethren up on Land.
These sillie Friers passed forth from hand.
Frier Allane was one: Frier Robert the other:
As Friers fashion is, with Wyves could well glother.
Right wonderous well they pleased the Wyves:
And tolde them fayre Tales, of Holie Saintes lyves:
Till Night was at hand, and they should goe home.
But right tyred, and wet, was Frier Allane.
For hee was olde, and might not well travell,
Because hee had some spyce of the Gravell.
Frier Robert was young, could byde Raine and Winde:
Yee bare both their Gownes, yet bode not behinde.
Yea, bore all their Geare: for hee was full wight.
By that it drew neare towardes the Night:
And they were comming to the Towne full neare.
Frier Allane sayde, Robert, good Brother deare,
It is so late, I feare the Yate bee closed:
And wee are tyde, and wondrous ill disposed
To lodge out of the Towne: except that wee
[illegible] House this Night [illegible] to

¶ So there did dwell a wondrous god Hostlier,
Without Berwicke, in-to a fayre Mannere:
Simon Lawrell hee called was by name:
A fayre blythe Wyfe hee had, and comelie Dame:
But shee was something duike, and dangerous.
These sillie Friers came then to that Mans House:
Saluting her: and becked courteouslie:
And shee to them did answere perfectlie.
Frier Robert then inquirde for the God-man:
And in this wyse shee quicklie answered than:
Hee went from Home, GOD wots, on Wednesday,
In the Countrey, to seeke for Corne and Hay,
And other thinges, where-of wee stand in neede.
Frier Allane sayde, I pray Great GOD him speede,
And keepe him safe and sound in his travaile.
Frier Robert sayde, Dame fill a Stoupe with Aile,
That wee may drinke: for I am wondrous drye.
With that the God-wyfe went full spedilye,
And filde the Stoupe, and brought them Bread and Chiese.
They ate, and dranke, and sate at their owne ease.
Frier Allane sayde to the God-wyfe in hye,
Come hither, Dame, and set you downe mee by,
And fill once againe the Stoupe, I you pray,
Before wee goe full well wee will you pay.
The Friers were blythe, and merrie Tales could tell.
But even with that they heard their owne Prayer-Bell,
Within the Abbie, and were sore agast,
For then they knew the Gates were closed fast,
That they might not from thence-forth get entrie.
The God-wyfe then they prayde for Charitie,
To graunt them Lodging, onelie for one night.
But shee to them did answere high on hight,
Mine Husband is from Home, as I you tolde:
And I, GOD knowes, dare no wayes bee so bolde,
To harber Friers within the House with mee.
What would you Simon for? ✠ Benedicitie, ✠ ✠

I durſt never looke intill his Face:
Deare Ladie Marie keepe mee from ſuch a caſe:
Keepe mee out of perrill, and from Shame.
Quoth Frier Allane ſayde, Fayre Dame,
For Gods ſake heare mee, what I ſowne ſhall ſay,
Put ye us out, wee ſhall bee dead ere day.
The way is ill, and wee are tyrde, and wet:
And (as yee know) it is ſo verie late:
The Gates are cloſde, that wee can not get in:
Unto our Abbay in no caſe wee may win.
Therefore it doeth behowve us to byde ſtill,
And put us wholllie, Dame, in-to your will.

¶ The Good-wyfe looked on thoſe Friers twayn,
And at the laſt unto them did ſhee ſay:
Yee byde not heere, by Him that hath us coſt,
Except yee liſt to lye up in yonde Loft,
Which is well wrought even in-to the Halles ende:
Yee ſhall finde Straw, and Cloathes I ſhall you ſende.
If yee liſt not, then paſſe your wayes in feire:
None other wayes will I repaire you heere.
Her Mayden then ſhee ſendeth up before,
And bade them follow both, and ſtay no more.

¶ They were full blythe, and did as ſhee them kende,
And up they went, to lodge at the Halles ende.
Intill a Loft, the Mayde with Corne and Hay,
Did make their Bedde: and then ſhee went her way,
Cloſing the Trappe: and they remayned ſtill.
In-to that Loft they had not all their will.
Frier Allane lay downe, as hee beſt might.
Frier Robert ſayde, I vowde to walke this Night:
Who wots? perchance ſome Sportes I may eſpye.
Thus in the Loft I let the Friers lye.

¶ And of the Good-wyfe nowe will I ſpeake more.
Shee was right glad the Friers were cloſde there
For ſhee had made a Tryſt that ſelfe-ſame Night,
Frier John her Love his Supper for to dight.

And ſhee would have none other Companye,
Becauſe Frier John that Night with her ſhould lye:
Who dwelling was in-to that ſelfe-ſame Towne:
And a Blacke Frier hee was, of great Renowne.

¶ Hee governed all whole the Abbacie:
Silver and Golde hee had abundantlie.
Hee had a priVie Poſterne of his owne,
That hee might iſhe, and paſſe away unknowne.
But thus in Berwickes Towne I leave him ſtill,
Byding his tyme: and turne againe I will.

¶ To this fayre Wyfe. Now ſhee the Fyre couldbiete,
And throng the fatteſt Capons on the Spitte;
And eke fatte Conies to the Fyre ſhee lay:
And bade her Mayden, in all haſte ſhee may,
To flame, and turne, and roaſt them tenderlye:
Then to her Chamber is ſhee gone in hye.

¶ Shee pulde her Makin, gave it buffets tway
Upon the Cheeke: and till it can ſhee ſay,
Thou ſhouldſt bee blythe, and gladde at my Requeſt:
Theſe Mulles of thine are called to a Feaſt.
Shee putteth on a Kirtle fyne of Redde:
A fayre whyte Courtch ſhee bindes about her Head.
Her Belt was wrought of Silke, and Silver fyne:
Embrodred Purſe: her Keyes hung clincking fyne.
On everie Finger ſhee put on Ringes two:
And was as proude as anie Papingo.
Shee layde on a Board-cloath of coſtlie Greene:
Of Silver-Worke ſhee was full well ſore-ſeene.
Then forth ſhee came, in-to the Hall, anone,
And askt her Mayde, if ſhee heard anie one?

¶ With that Frier John was knocking at the Pate:
Whoſe knocke ſhee knew, and quicklie him in let.
Shee well-comde him upon a good manniere.
Ye[illegible]nked her: and ſayde, Mine owne Love deare,
Helpe there a paire of Bottles, good, and fyne:
They holde a gallon (full) of Gaſcoin Wyne.

And eke a paire of Partrich, even new slaine:
And a Pound full Bread, of fyneſt Waine.
This have I brought to you, mine onelie Deare:
That you and I there-with might make good Cheare.
Since it is so that Simon is from Home,
I will talke right homelie with you, Madame.
¶ Shee sayeth, Yee are full heartilie well-come heere,
In such a wyse, when that you will appeare.
With that shee smyled wondrous lovelomlie.
Againe hee thrust her Hand right privilie.
Thus at their Sporte I will them yet leave still,
Till other tyme: and turne againe I will,
And tell you of those fillie Friers two,
Were locked in the Loft, amongſt the Straw.
¶ Frier Allane on his Couch full still did lye.
Frier Robert had a little jealousye:
For in his Heart hee had great perceiving:
And through the Boardes hee made (with some sharpe thing)
A little Hole, in such a wyse got hee,
That all they did below hee could well see:
Yea, everie worde hee heard which they did say:
When shee was proude, and wondrous fresh, and gay.
And what shee woare upon her Head above.
Shee called him both Lemman, Heart, and Love.
Full Prelate-lyke hee sate in-to the Chaire:
And shee did round Epistles in his Eare.
¶ Thus sporte they them, and make great Melodie.
And when shee saw the Supper was readie,
Shee quicklie went, and derkt the Board anone:
And then the paire of Bottels hath shee tane,
And set them wne, upon the Board, her by.
And even with that they heard the God-man cry:
Who knocked at the Yate, and shouted fast.
When they him heard, then were they all agast.
And good Frier John was sgmething in effray:
Full sone start up, and would have beene away.

But all for nought: hee might no way win out.
The Good-wyfe ſpake then with a viſage ſtout,
Yonde is Simon, that makes all this deray,
Whom I might thole had bidden yet away.
Ile quyte him this, if I live halfe a yeare,
For troubling us, when wee ſhould make good Cheare.
Becauſe of him wee may not byde together:
I doe repent at this tyme yee came hither.
Wee were ſo well, if hee had bidden away.
What ſhall I doe? Alace, Frier John can ſay.
The Good-wyfe ſayde, I holde it for the beſt,
That I you hyde, till hee bee brought to reſt,
In-to yonde Trogh, which ſtandeth in the Nooke,
Would holde fire Bowles of Neele when that thee booke.
¶ Here-under then thee cauſde him creepe in hye,
Where hee had rowme enough at eaſe to lye.
Shee cloſed him, and then went on her way:
And to her Mayden ſoftlie can hee ſay,
Take way this Geare, and ſlaken out the Fyre:
Goe, cloſe the Boarde, and take away yonde Chayre.
Soone, locke up all, with-in the Panterie:
Both Meate, and Drinke: ha done full ſpeedilie.
The Cornes, Capons, and the wylde Fowles fyne:
The Paine-chot Bread, the Bottels with the Wyne.
Shee lockt up all, and dight the Houſe ſo cleane,
That no lykeneſſe of Feaſt might there bee ſeene.
The Good-wyfe then, with-out longer delay,
Did quicklie put off all her fleſh Array:
And then ſhee went in-to her Bedde anone,
And let her Husband knocke with-out, alone.
When hee with knocking tyred was, & cryde,
And went about un-to the other ſyde:
Unto a Windowe, ſtoode at her Bedds-head,
Saying, Alliſon, awake, for CHRISTES dread.
When Alliſon had tholde him long to crye,
As halfe a-ſleepe, ſhee anſwearde crabbedlye,

Now? Who is that, that knowes so well my name?
Goe hence, quod shee, mine Husband is from Home.
And I will harber heere no Guestes, Perfay:
Therefore, I pray you, wende on, wende on, your way:
For at this time yee may not lodged bee.
Then Simon spake, Deare Wyfe, ken yee not mee?
I am your Simon, God-man of this Place.
Are yee that, Simon? my Spouse, shee sayes, Alace!
Through mist-knowledge I had almost mist-done.
Who would have thought yee should so late come Home?
Shee starteth up, and getteth Light in hye,
And openeth then the Yate full speedilye.
Shee let him in on the most heartlie wyse,
And toke from him the Geare, as was the guyse.
Shee bade the Mayden kindle on the Fyre,
And get him Meate, and shee should have good Hyre.

¶ The Good-wyfe sayde, Swæt Simon yee may trow,
Heere is no Meate this Night that gaines for you.
At least, God Dame, gie fetch mee Chiese and Bread:
Goe fill the Stoupe, and holde it to mine Head.
For I am hungrie, weare, wette, and colde.
Then up shee rose, (as Reason bade shee should:)
Covered the Boarde, and set on Bread of Rye:
A sowst Neats foote, a Sheepes head set shee by.
Even such colde Meate shee brought to him belyve,
And filde the Stoupe. Then Simon waxed blythe.
Hee ate, and dranke, and sayde, By All-hollow,
I fare right well, had I but one Good Fellow.
Dame, drinke with mee, and eate, I doe you pray.
The Good-wyfe sayde, The Devill-a-bitte I may:
It were more meete now in your Bedde to bee,
Than heere to sit, devying Companie.

¶ Frier Robert sayde unto his Brother deare,
Alace, I would the Good-man kende us heere.
Who wots? Perchaunce some better might hee fare.
For sure it is, mine Heart will aye bee sore,

If ponde

If yonde courſe meate with Simon birnilht her,
While daintie Cheare ſtandes in the Panterie.
And with that woꝛde hee coached lowde anone.
Till Simon heard, and asked, Who is yonde?
The Good-wyfe sayde, Yonde are your Friers twey.
Quoth Simon then, Tell mee what Friers are they?
Shee sayde, Frier Robert, and silly olde Allane,
Who all this day have walked in great paine.
When they came heere it was so verie late,
Pꝛayer Bell was rung, and closed was their Yate:
Theꝛe-foꝛe above I gave them Harberie.
The Good-man sayde, So GOD have parte on mee,
The selfe-same Friers are heartlie well-come hither:
Goe call them downe, that wee may dꝛinke together.
The Good-wyfe sayde, I rede you let them bee:
They had rather sleepe, noꝛ sit in companie.
Unto the Mayden spake the Good-man than,
Goe, pꝛay them both to come to mee frae hand.
The Mayden soone did open the Trappe Dooꝛe,
And sayde, Yee Friers, come downe upon the Flooꝛe.
Frier Robert swaꝛe, and sayde, By sweete Saint John,
The Good-man is even right well-come home.
Alace, hee had ill travelling this day.
And wee shall come unto him, yee may say.
Then suddenlie they start up both anone,
And downe the Trappe, with right good speede, they came:
Saluted Simon, as soone as they him see.
And hee againe did hailse them courteouslie,
And sayde, Come heere, mine owne pooꝛe Bꝛethꝛen deare:
And sit you downe, even beſyde mee, heere:
Foꝛ I am now alone, as yee may see:
Theꝛe-foꝛe, I pꝛay you, beare mee companie:
And take a parte of such Cheare as I have.
Frier Allane sayde, I pꝛay GOD you to save.
Foꝛ heere is enough of GODS Graces goode.
Then Simon aunswered, Now by the Roode,

[illegible] ſhall haue a Crowne of Golde for mee,
[illegible] good Meate, and Drinke amongſt us three.
Frier Robert ſayde, What Meate now would yee haue?
Or elſe what Drinke deſire yee for to crave?
For I haue ſundrie Practiches well diſcearnde,
Beyonde the Seas, in Paris, which I learnde:
The which I gladlie proove will for your ſake,
And for our Dames, who did us lodging make.
Ile take in hand, if yée will counſell keepe,
To cauſe you ſee, even heere, before yee ſleepe,
Of the beſt Meate that is in this Countrie,
And Gaſcoin Wyne; if anis that there bee.
Or if it bee with-in an hundreth myle,
It ſhall bee heere, with-in a bonnie whyle.
The Good-man had great marvell at this Tale,
And ſayde, Deare Brother, mine Heart will nere bee heale,
Except yee trye your Skill before wee parte,
Through your Science, Necromancie, or Arte,
To make us Sporte. And then the Frier up roſe:
Taking his Booke, un-to the Floore hee goes.

¶ Hee turnes the Leaves, and reades a little ſpace:
And to the Eaſt hee turnes about his Face.
Then to the Weſt hee turneth, looking downe.
And cloſde the Booke, and ſayde an Oraſoun.
But ſtill his Eyes were on the Panterye,
And on the Trough, where-in Frier John did lye.
Then ſate hee downe, and caſt abacke his Hoode:
Moſte fearfullie gaping as hee were woode.
Whiles ſate hee ſtill, his Handes abroade faſt ſpreading
And other whiles up-on his Booke was reading.
And whiles with Handes and Heeles full lowde would clap:
And other whiles hee would both glowre, and gape.
Thus did Frier Robert reade the Houſe about:
Five, or ſixe times, ſo lowlie could hee ſtoupe,
Whereat our Dame had wonder great envye.

For

For in her Heart shee had some perceiving,
That Frier Robert knew well her governing.
Shee saw him give the Panterie such Rate,
Untill her-selfe shee sayde, (full well I wate)
I am but shent, the Frier knowes all my thought:
What shall I doe? Alace, what have I wrought!
If Simon know, it will bee a deare Doing.
By that the Frier had left his studying:
Poore ruefulnesse hee stampeth on the Floore,
Then came againe, and sayde, All hayle, my Cure.
Now is it done, and yee shall have plentie,
Bread, Meate, and Wyne, the best in this Countrie:
There-fore, faire Dame, get up full speedilie,
And goe your wayes, in-to yonde Panterie:
Soone open it, and see yee bring us fyne
A paire of Bottles, full of Gascoin Wyne:
Which holde more than a Gallon, I warrand:
And bring us eke the Maine-Bread in the Maund.
Two roasted Conies, fatte, and hote with-all:
The Capons eke to us, Dame, bring yee shall.
Foure Partriches, I know there is no lesse:
Of Ploovers, Dame, see that yee bring a messe.
The Good-wyfe saw Rob made no variance:
Shee knew that hee had seene her governance.
And thought it was no boote for to denye,
But quicklie went un-to the Panterye:
Then shee brought foorth, together with her Mayde,
All that the Frier before un-to her sayde:
Starting abacke, as shee were in affray:
Then croft her-selfe, and smyling can shee say,
Ha, Benedicitie, who hath heere beene?
Or who hath ever such lyke Marvels seene?
So great a wonder is now hapned heere:
What shall I say? hee is an holie Frier.
I finde it sooth of all that hee did say:
Mayde, take all foorth, and on the Boarde it lay.

[illegible] and Wyne, and other good thinges more:
[illegible], Capons, as yee have heard before.
Partriches, Plowers, to the Board shee brought.
Frier Rob knew all, and saw there wanted nought:
But all was soth, shee brought at his devyse.
When Simon saw it happened on this wyse,
Hee had much wonder, and sware by the Mone,
That Frier Robert full well his dede had done.
Thou art, quod hee, a Man of great Science,
That hast so soone made thus great Purveyance.
Thou bringest heere, through thy great Subtiltie,
And by thine Arte, and great Philosophie.
In full good time it was, that thou came hither.
Now powre out Wyne, and let us drinke together,
And make good Cheare, after this longsome day:
For I have ridden a marvelous wildsome way.
Now GOD bee praysde, heere is sufficiance,
To serve us all, through your good governance.
And then anone they dranke all round about:
Of Gascoin Wyne, the Friers playde still Cup-out.
They sported them, and made full merrie Cheare,
And eke full lowde sang Simon, and the Frier.
Even an this wyse the darksome Night ore-drave,
Wanting no-thing that they could wish to have.

¶ The Good-man spake to the Good-wyfe in hye,
Come hither, Dame, and let you downe mee by,
And take a parte of such as wee have heere,
But first of all, I pray you, thanke the Frier,
For his benigne business, and great cure,
Which hee hath done to us upon the Flore:
Hee brought fyne Meate, and Wyne aboundantlie,
Therefore, forsooth, let us right merrie bee.
But sing, or say, or use what sporte they please,
Unto our Dame it was but little ease.
An-other thing shee had into her thought,
How shee might scape, and not to Shame bee brought,

On

On Frier Robert shee looked grievously,
And thought through him shee should discovered bee:
And in her heart shee did despaire lyke-wyse,
That they did eate her Dainties in that guyse.
Yet still shee sate, and durst not make her moane.
What ever they did, shee let them aye alone.
But shee dranke with them in-to companie,
With feigned cheare, and heart sad and heavie.
But they were blythe enough, GOD wots, and sang,
For aye the Wyne was raking them amang.
Till at the last, that they were drunke each one,
Then Simon sayde un-to the Frier anone.
Forsooth I marvell much how this can bee,
In so short time, that yee so suddenlie,
Hath brought to us such store of daintie Cheare.
There-of have yee no marvell (quod the Frier)
I have a Page full privie of mine owne,
When ere I please, will come to mee unknowne,
And bring to mee such thinges as I would have:
Looke what I please, I needs it not to crave.
There-fore bee blythe, and live in patience,
And trust mee, Sir, Ile doe my diligence,
If that yee please at this time to have more,
You shall it have: my lyfe shall stand there-fore.
Incontinent that same howre shall yee see:
If yee protest yee will keepe secretlie.
Let no man know that I can doe such thing.
The Good-man sware, and sayde, By Heavens King,
It shall bee kept full secret, as for mee.
But, Brother deare, your Servant would I see,
If it you pleasde, that wee might drinke together:
For I wot not if yee may aye come hither,
To have your Friendship, in such case as this.
The Frier sayde, Sir, as I would faine have Blisse,
Although yee shoue him see, I you warrand,
It can-not bee, yee shall well understand,

That ſpirit yee may ſee him in his kinde,
But yee, alate, would runne out of your minde.
Hee is ſo foule, and uglie for to ſee,
I dare not venture for to take on mee
To bring him hither, even in-to your ſight:
Any namelie now, ſo late with-in the Night.
Except it bee in ſuch a ſorte of wyſe,
Him to trans-forme, or elſe to diſ-a-guyſe
From his owne ſhape, in-to ſome other ſtate.
Then Simon ſayde, Let us have no debate,
As pleaſeth you, that lyke-wyſe pleaſeth mee.
Bee as hee will, yet faine I would him ſee.
In-to what ſhape would yee hee ſhould appeare?
The Good-man ſayde, In lykeneſſe of a Frier,
In Habite whyte, lyke as your ſelves are aye:
For the whyte Spyrites doe no man harme, they ſay.
¶ Frier Robert ſayde, That wayes it may not bee:
That dare I not graunt un-to you, truelie,
That hee appeare in-to our Habite whyte:
It were un-to our Order great deſpyte,
That anie ſuch un-worthie Wight as hee
In-to our Habite ante man ſhould ſee.
Yet ſince it pleaſeth you, hee ſhall appeare,
Yee ſhall him ſee in lykeneſſe of a Frier,
In Habite gray, which hee uſde for to weare:
In ſuch a wyſe, that hee ſhall no man deere.
If you pleaſe this, then doe as I advyſe,
Holde you full cloſe, and ſtill in anie wyſe.
What ever it bee yee eyther ſee, or heare,
Speake yee no worde, nor make no kinde of ſtiere,
But holde you ſtill, till I have done my Cure.
And yee, Good-man, muſt ſtand upon the flore,
With hardie Heart, a good Staffe in your hand.
Have yee no dread: I ſhall you aye warrand.
¶ Then Simon ſayde, I aſſent: yee ſo:
Then up hee ſtart, and got a [illegible]ode,

For

In-to his Hand: and on the Flore hee ſtart,
Some-thing affrayde, though ſtalward was his heart.
Un-to the Friar then ſpake the Good-man ſone,
Now tell mee, Maſter, what yee would have done?

¶ No-thing, quod hee, but holde you cloſe, and ſtill:
What ever I doe, take yee good heede there-till.
Neare hand the Doore goe hyde you p᷑ivilie:
When I bid you ſtryke, then lay on hardilie.
Up-on the Necke bee ſure to hit him right.
Ile warrand that (quoth hee) with all my might.

¶ Thus on the Flore I leave him ſtanding ſtill,
Hyding him-ſelfe, and turne againe I will
To Frier Robert, who tooke his Booke in hye,
And turned over the Leaves full buſilye,
A full long ſpace. And when hee had done ſo,
Towardes the South, with-out ſpeaking woꝛdes moe,
Hee went apace: and on this wyſe ſpake hee,
Hay, hoe, Hurls-baigs, ryſe, I now conjure thee:
Stand up, foule Fiende, and ſe᷑ve to mee appeare,
In Gray Habite, and likeneſſe of a Frier,
From out the Trogh, where thou a-long doeſt lye:
Stretch foꝛth thy Limbes, caſt off the Stone in hye.
Now tumble over the Trogh, that wee may ſee
Thy foꝛme, and ſhape, befoꝛe us openlie.
With-in this place ſee that thou no man grieves:
But draw thine Handes farre in, with-in thy Slieves.
And pull thy Cowle low downe up-on thy Face,
And thanke thy God thou getteſt ſo good grace.
With ſpeede goe packe thee, to thine owne Receate.
Let this bee done, and make no moꝛe debate.
And as thou paſſeſt ſee thou make no Fray,
Wilh anie wight, but ſwiftlie paſſe away.
But I commaund, and charge thee heere beſoꝛe,
That in this place thou come not anie moꝛe.

¶ Now over the Braice ſee that thou get good ſpeede.
For [illegible] will moe Perils bꝛeede.

With that Frier John, who under the Trogh lay,
Stretcher him soone: but was in great effray.
Yet up hee rose, it might no better bee,
And off the Trogh the Stone soone tumbled hee.
All what Frier Rob had sayde, hee did ere long:
Towardes the Doore hee bowned for to gang,
With heavie cheare, and drierie countenance.
For new betore had hapned him such chance.

¶ And when Frier Robert saw him passing by,
Un-to the Good-man full lowde can hee crye,
Stryke, Simon, stryke: for now is tyme for thee.
With that Simon full fellon Flappes let flis.
With his Burdoun hee hit him on the Necke:
Hee was so fierce hee fell quyte ore a Secke,
And brake his Head up-on the Mullard Stone.
With that Frier John clean over the Staire is gone:
In such a wyse, for-sooth, hee mist the Trappe,
And in a Ditch hee fell, such was his happe,
Well fourtie foote of deepth, under the Staire.
Yet hee got out, with Cloathing no-thing faire.
Full drierilie up-on his Feete hee stoode.
That myrie hole had done him little good.
Yet over the Wall hee climbed hastilie,
Was made all round about, with Stones, full hie.
And of his scape in Heart hee was full faine.
I thinke hee should bee loath to come againe.

¶ At last Frier Robert [illegible] abacke, and saw,
Where the Good-man was lying wondrous low,
Up-on the Floore: and bleeding was his Head:
Hee caught him up, thinking hee had beene dead.
Frier Robert then thought good to stay no more,
But presentlie tooke Simon to [illegible]ore.
And when the [illegible]nde had well [illegible] his Face,
Hee did revive, with-in a little [illegible]
And then Frier Robert asked [illegible]
What ayled him to bee so [illegible]

Yee sayde, Yonde Fiende hath made mee in affray.
Let bee, quod Rob, the worst is now away.
Bee merrie, Man, and see yee mourne no more,
For yee have stricken him quyte over the Staire.
I saw him slippe, if I the sooth may tell:
Under the Staire in-to a Pyre hee fell.
Tush, let him goe, hee was a Grace-lesse Guest:
And bowne yee to your Bedde, I holde it best.

¶ Thus Simons Head up-on the Stone was broken:
And eke Frier John in-to the Pyre is loppen.
Yee wette his Head, and drest his Cloathes full ill.
And the Good-wyfe could not get halfe her will.
This is a Feate, which happened of a Frier.
The LORD helpe us, and CHRIST His Sonne so deare.

☞ *Finis.* ☜